

The St. Joseph's
Collegian

Collegeville, Indiana.



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Chapel Building

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THE COMING YEAR

The unrelenting trials of life that sear man's soul;
The cares that brand his heart with grief
And blur the vision of his goal
Surpass the iron span of boldest disbelief.
But trials and sorrows hurry to the dead'ning past;
Resolves and hopes must be renewed,
Though deeds have an immortal cast,
Fair virtue smooths the scars that ugly sin has hewed.

Since time and evil pass away,
Like them, let all unhallowed mem'ries quickly die;
May joy dissolve their harrowing and doleful ban,
And may good will with threat all mortal woe defy;
The priceless smile that one bestows will foster cheer
And joy throughout the coming year.

L. C. Storch '32.

ON "THE BY-PATHS OF LITERATURE"

"Dear Burnet:—I wish, while I am away from the office, and you are running the 'Sun Dial,' that you would say something in it about Christopher Morley's book, "Shandygaff," just published by Doubleday, Page & Co. It is altogether the most delightful thing I have gotten my clutches on for a long time. But I would scarcely dare say so, while I was running the column, because one of the chapters of the book is an appreciation of me—a wonderful chapter—and all the others are nearly as good . . ." So begins the missive received by Dana Burnet from Don Marquis who is described by his friend, Christopher Morley, as "burly, grey-haired, fond of corn cob pipes and sausages, and looking like a careful blend of Falstaff and Napoleon the third." Only on the score that they are "old pals" can Morley and Marquis be tolerated for conducting a mutual admiration society of their own.

Even those of us who have a less perfect understanding of delicate niceties of style and literary genius than Mr. Marquis must appreciate the truth of this statement and add our less authoritative appraisements (or asperities, if we have any) when once we have made Christopher our own. And some of us have known him for quite a long time—ever since our reading of "Shandygaff," "Pipefuls," "The Haunted Bookshop," and other pleasant volumes of his essays and novels in which scholarly work invites us to feast. To possess this inimitable playboy of American letters as our own is to have a friend of refined emotions and sensitive feelings, a modern Charles Lamb.

His books are, for the most part, in the vein of "Shandygaff: a number of most agreeable Inquiries upon Life and Letters, interspersed with Short

Stories and Skits, the whole most Diverting to the Reader." They bring informality and sprightliness bound together with a golden thread of fine sincerity for those who would read them carefully. Morley's style, with its eclectic flavor fortified by observation, travel, study, and reading, is a compound of Montaigne, Lamb, DeQuincey, and others of his choice authors, but characterized by a final breezy, puckish grace which is his, and his alone. A spirit, akin to that of Chesterton (or of Max Beerbohm?), vitalizes all that Morley writes. In his essays, which are strangely his domain, the personality of a robust, lavishly mirthful man is most easily discerned—"a man of mellow human friendliness and delightfully innocent enthusiasms: old books, quaint scholarship, the works of Joseph Conrad, dogs, France, pipes, and tobacco, domestic bliss in Roslyn Heights, L. I.—in short, a connoisseur of living who is always eager to share with his readers the thrilling adventures of an inquiring mind in this curious and charming and sometimes baffling world."

The perusal of Mr. Morley's essays is readily conducive to the contemplation of what familiar essays are and mean. What are they? They are the "by-paths of literature." In essay mood, an author divests himself of classic manners, worries not about literary demeanors but invites the reader to a comfortable conversation at his own fireside where he becomes confidential and deliberately woos one's attention.

For this reason the essay has become a delicatessen for the nobles, the aristocrats of reading. Children, and often people in whom childhood is elongated, read for the story. They prefer, for instance, Zane Grey's "Riders of the Purple Sage," or Burrough's "Tarzan of the Apes," to the whimsies,

the delightful inconsistencies, and softening tenderness of Lamb's "Dream Children" and "Mrs. Battle on Whist," or to Chesterton's "On Lying in Bed" and "On Pigs as Pets." Romantics read impossible fiction and lose themselves in unrealities. Macbeth and Lady Macbeth stiffen to ambition; David Copperfield drags his weary way to Betsy Trotwood's home; Jim and Doc. Livesey quell impossible pirates; Anna Karenina commits suicide; Don Quixote and Sancho Panza execute their ludicrous ideals of chivalry. Although they are the glorious creations of master minds, they give one but a transient and unfrequent glimpse of the authors themselves. The soul and personality of Shakespeare, Dickens, Stevenson, Tolstoy, and Cervantes rarely speak through these pages. In the essay, though, and in that alone of all prose writings, are the restraints bountifully loosed. The familiar essay is munificent. It familiarizes one with genial personalities, with life and nature; it artfully exposes the whole universe for appreciation and meditation. Readers and lovers of the essay are, therefore, the real aristocrats among perusers of literature, for they have the relish of the connoisseur for delicate flavor, for fragrance, for aroma: that spirit which pervades the best essays and causes them to excel the posturing of dramatists and novelists, and the musings of poets. All of whom give one but a spare glimpse of the fountains, their own minds, whence flow the world's classic characters of fiction and drama.

Some may say that five characteristics are surely demanded of the familiar essay: experience, learning, wisdom, fancy, and personal charm. But more often humor, ease, brevity, and charm are considered to be four of its seven cardinal virtues. These are of the first rank. In second rank are wit, irony, and

paradox. Of Belloc's heterogeneous lot of essays, how many reveal his insatiable zest for living as well as for learning! The essay, "If," is a veritable mine of historical knowledge and associations. What experience, what mellow wisdom, and personal charm are exhibited in "The Path to Rome" and "Esto Perpetua!" Through them all, what wit, humor, and satire! Rarely have the Johnsonian sophistications of method, and the crackle of Chestertonian paradoxes failed to tantalize readers. And how easily satisfied one is to read Lamb's "Old China," or "A Dissertation on Roast Pig," for the twists of expression, the flavor —which is the man.

Egotism and personality? Absolutely. All familiar essays are about "myself"; that is why they are so likable and are called such. "It is myself that I portray," wrote Montaigne. Lamb's "Essays of Elia" give one a better acquaintance with his East-India-Company venture and with the tragic life of his sister, Mary, than any biographical writing could do. William Hazlitt, trenchant and untiring critic of literature and life; Thomas DeQuincey, clever contriver of opium dreams; Leigh Hunt, whose versatility and prolific writings as a journalist have seldom been equalled—these men knew life and their own relations to it, and in transmitting their experience did not hesitate to talk of themselves.

The order of the familiar essay, furthermore, is very inexact. Some of the more or less formal essays of Agnes Repplier, Crothers, or the more familiar essays of Beerbohm and Morley, show how cunningly they can deal with a central idea, and then go off on tangents; travel for a while on by-paths and detours; look upon whatever suggestions the topic invites as digressions, and are full of references to history, literature, fiction, art and phil-

osophy. While style—that most personal charm of writing—is their very essence; puns, anecdotes, unique characterizations, epigrams, brilliant word-jugglery, and amusing figures of speech—all belong to them.

As to subject matter, the informal essay deals usually with commonplace themes. It is as fastidious as a book collector, or (as Mr. Van Doren has observed), as broad and open-minded as a garbage gatherer. Nothing on this globe, according to the platitude, is alien to it. If the essayist discovers a good topic and has a drive of God-given inspiration (though most essays are the results of labor, of shaping, of smoothing, of polishing), he may write a good essay. With the past, present, and future to select from, the familiar essayist goes to work.

After all, an exhibition of knowledge and technique is all very fine; but a quiet chat at the hearth with a friend who can listen as well as talk intelligently, who can even sit for hours in silence with us—that is delightful. When, therefore, a writer chats familiarly with us about himself, about the idiosyncrasies and little things of life; when he chats thus, not to show off, not to argue, not (much less) to preach, but to laugh with us, to share pleasantly his thoughts, sentiments, temperament, and experiences with us—when he does all this, he has the most delicious, the purest and the most delightful of all the types of literature—the familiar essay.

Raphael H. Gross '32.

He who has no taste for order will be often wrong in his judgement, and seldom considerate or conscientious in his actions.

—Lavater.

TALKING

What with the wagging of its tongues will the human race not accomplish! If as related by Aesop—“The fly sitting on a chariot wheel said, ‘What a dust do I raise?’” then many human tongues may well say of themselves, “What an important noise do we make?” Is there anyone who disagrees with the statement that there are too many human tongues that can raise noises, and such, too, as have far reaching consequences? Let him but unfold the pages of history if he wishes to be assured of the power of talking, and he need not look for the mighty orations made by champion “tongue wielders” either. No, indeed, just earnest little conversations, such as may hold place on a promenade, or during idle hours, will be sufficient to convince him. Was it not a profound mind that thought out the saying: “A woman’s talk makes the world go round?” It will not require any deep research in history to discover that whoever is the author of this saying spiked an eternal truth right on the spot.

“Now Adam, will you, or will you not eat of this fruit as I want you to do?”

Everybody knows how Adam answered that question, and one need but look into a mirror to verify the enormous results of these few insistent words as spoken by the mother of human kind. Believe it or not, a person is just what he is because of this stern question. Besides all the job of becoming more and more perfect, learned, and better looking, together with the vexing trouble to get new boots and breeches to fit in compliance with the dictates of fashion, has fallen to the lot of that particular class of animals which stands in dire need of such appurtenances. Of course with these resulting dis-

advantages goes the great advantage that whatever a person does not like about himself or about somebody else, he can place the entire blame for it on the talking of Eve. If she had thought more and talked less, what a difference it would have made.

The influence of example is always powerful; so powerful that for good or for bad it exerts more force than does any variety of personal initiative. Taking the cue from Eve, other women have talked men (and that, too, great ones) into doing such mischievous tricks as are worthy only of morons. Did not Thais talk Alexander the Great into the foolhardy stunt to burn Persepolis and thus to rob the world of one of its finest cities, which historians now tell us had palaces of enormous extent that were provided with ceilings inlaid with ivory, gold, and precious stones? Let anyone try to match the power of such loquacity by any other sort of inducement short of tongue-wagging. It is sheer good luck that consequences for people in general were in this case of no vast importance, but they were sufficiently hard for the inhabitants of that city, and one consequence among others was that the name of Alexander the Great became branded by the memory of a foolish deed which has done much to detract from his fame.

Among the ten most important dates in history, the battle of Actium, 31 B. C., will certainly hold a place. To say that remotely that significant battle was brought about by the talk of a woman might at first sight appear ridiculous. But will historians find it possible to assign any other cause? When Mark Antony first met Cleopatra at Tarsus, she talked, and he was amused; she talked again, and he became infatuated; more talk brought on a marriage which made Antony take action to put his

first wife, who still lived, out of the way. To drown her was what he considered a merciful death; he did not succeed in the attempt. What made things really bad for Antony was the fact that his real wife was a sister to Octavius Caesar. To break up the infamous nest which Antony and Cleopatra had built in Alexandria became the objective of Octavius. The battle of Actium broke up that nest, and out of it, like a hatchling, flew the Roman Empire, which, with two interruptions that were hardly recognized as such, could not get out of the heads of people from 31 B. C. up to 1806 A. D. when it vanished before the storm and strife stirred up by Napoleon Bonaparte. Could anyone believe that the mere tongue-wagging of the "Serpent of the Nile" should produce a phenomenon in the world's history of such magnitude as this fact implies? But more than this is due to her talking. That Roman Empire is the connecting link between ancient and modern civilization, and what of art, learning, and government has it not preserved and presented to the world that affects people even at the present day in their mode of living?

Since there is question about the far-flung influence that women can exert by talking, the shade of another lady, also a queen, bobs up out of the mist of the past and evidently wants to be remembered for her share in directing the affairs of this world by wagging her tongue. The name of Marie Antoinette is too well known to justify any detailed history of her doings in these few pages. Anyway, whatever else she did is beside the purpose for the present, outside of the fact that she twisted her husband, Louis XVI, into a mere puppet of a king by the use of her tongue, and through him she twisted all France with the same instrument until that country

would no longer put up with a twisted king or with any further twisting of itself. She seemingly did not realize that every one of her counsels was just bringing her step by step to the guillotine. Alone she could not have accomplished much toward averting a revolution in her country, but with her help as much could have been done to avert that calamity as was done to bring it about. At any rate the world was taught a stiff lesson by her pouting loquacity, and the consequences of it are much alive to this day. History says that Europe would be a different Europe if it had not been for the French Revolution in which Marie Antoinette played so tragic a part both by talking and by losing her head.

One or the other may argue that if Marie Antoinette had any share in setting the French Revolution going by doing the wrong kind of talking to her husband, Louis XVI, the matter ought to be condoned in view of the numerous beneficial changes that came to society because of this appalling event. But if these changes and benefits had to be brought about by the lavish use of the guillotine, then evidently people would have done better to let those changes and advantages rest in Hades. To be sure, this Queen would have thought that way about it, and so would all the others whose heads fell around her.

Of course the practice of talking is so common that to do even moderate justice by explaining its effects would require the writing of a heavy volume. Even if talking as carried on by women of high rank be considered, their number would reach much beyond what the limits of an ordinary essay could embrace. There are still such as the glib Aspasia, who induced the renowned Pericles to make a fool of himself; Roxana, the Persian Queen of Alex-

ander the Great, who was such a good advertiser that her name has come to be used in modern times to advertise the products of a thrifty Oil company; Honoria, who talked that rough old Vandal, Genseric, into marrying her; Pulcheria, who did all the important talking in the East Roman Empire for a number of years; Zenobia, Placidia, Eudoxia—oh, well, their number is legion, and then, too, none of these have done much to influence modern life in a manner beneficial or otherwise. Yet in a summary like this, who would dare to omit Semiramis, one of the oldest in the crowd, who by wagging her tongue most busily caused the mighty walls of Babylon to run up fully three hundred feet in height? Has any mere man matched any one of these women in the matter of tongue-wagging? May research in the realm of history at some future time give the answer to this question.

Herbert P. Kenney '33

ON READING TOLSTOY

A tender soul of more than mortal man
Is hid beneath that lowly peasant's cloak;
A soul immense, which took the heavy yoke
Upon its shoulders broad to find a plan
By which real love might hold within its span
All men. He bade them hear, and when he spoke,
They all looked up and heard; for like an oak
He grew amid their storms; no partisan.

Now like Ulysses old, he stands unsolved;
His strength is in the truth his words reveal,
Although his noble aims are well resolved,
His timid heart would make no others bleed;
His loving soul will do no more than plead,
And yet, his spirit ne'er forsakes its zeal.

James Conroy '32

A QUEEN, BUT UNRECOGNIZED

Through the rich curtains of the Versailles palace filtered the last golden rays of a dying sun. In the half light of the royal apartments king and minister sat in conference. Louis XIV, "Le Grand Monarque" of Europe, fretted impatiently with his sword hilt; why must his personal pleasure be dragged into conferences of state? If he saw fit to pay court to Madame de Maintenon, that was his affair and his alone. Yet, heedless of the mounting displeasure in his sovereign's attitude, Louvois, the minister, vehemently continued heaping diatribes upon de Maintenon with whom, court rumor had it, "Le Grand Monarque" was very much in love.

His patience at an end, the potent monarch of Golden France turned full upon his evil genius: "Louvois, I have hearkened much to your counsel, but understand, I ask it only in reference to affairs of state. My private life is mine. Your presumption in attempting to advise me in personal affairs I overlook since the boundary cannot be well defined. But understand! I marry Madame de Maintenon though she be Scarron's widow; yea! and the granddaughter of a jailer."

"Truly sire, that much she is, and more; a prating zealot full of knowledge that ill becomes a woman. A blue stocking who should be shut in some cloistered cell and not be given the freedom of your court. How can you, sire, so degrade your dignity by making her your queen and yet expect the reverence and the homage that becomes your majesty. Reflect, sire, upon the rigor of her training; upon the uncouth company of scribbling fools that Scarron gathered round her. Ha! Ha! Pardon sire, but imagine! a comic poet's widow and queen of France.

"Oh! you say she is saintly. Pardon while I laugh again. A saint in the court of Louis XIV! A saint in this hilarious court, and that saint your wife! I am sorry, my liege, that I must laugh so boisterously; but what would you do? Convert the court? Surely, sire, marry her. She may put an end to your extravagance." Thus Louvois expostulated.

"Fool! Did I not need you to direct my war, I'd have you hung for laughing. I'll have no more of it. I shall not marry Madame de Maintenon. Not because you oppose the marriage, but because she is my wife already. My wife and your queen!" Louis replied.

Louvois stood dumfounded at these words. All his fond hopes stood in jeopardy. His dream of a world empire of the French with him as the ruling force faded. He must at least convince the king that it was the better part of wisdom to keep the marriage secret. He made a most eloquent appeal to the king's egoism. Promises of wealth and power, pictures of a glorious triumph, Louvois spun out with the vehemence of one pleading for life. Indeed, Louvois was pleading for his life, the life he hoped to know, the life of a dictator of Europe. Louvois was the real aggressor in the disastrous foreign wars of Louis XIV; it was he who was robbing France of its youth and wealth; it was he who fired the cities along the Rhine. Were the wars successful, he could easily turn them to the aggrandizement of his own power and wealth; were they a failure, a coup d'etat would easily sweep France from the hands of a ruined Louis into his own tenacious tentacles. Though Louis XIV was one of Europe's mightiest monarchs, the evil genius Louvois held him fast until the charm of a woman broke the spell. The woman, Madame de Maintenon.

Madame in her youth had been in the charge of a Huguenot aunt who seriously undermined the child's faith. By an order of the court she was transferred to the care of another aunt who sought to restore the maiden's faith by an unusually rigorous training, allowing the girl but little freedom of social contact. Naturally, a girl of any talent placed in such a position would have recourse to literature and recollected pursuits. So it was with the girl who was later to guide the destinies of France.

However much one's social graces might be impaired by a dearth of contact with the ballroom and reception-hall, the basis of culture, obtained by an unswerving devotion to literary and contemplative tastes ultimately provides the emotional training, the solidarity of judgement and reason that is the "sine qua non" of honest personality and character. Very probably she occasionally was drawn to some literary salon popular in her day and there became acquainted with Scarron, a French comic poet. When the death of her aunt left her without support, she accepted Scarron's offer of marriage, though he was much her senior. Even if she in no way thrust herself in the foreground, she became famous among the contemporary literati who gathered at Scarron's of evenings. Here she attracted the attention of Madame de Montespan, the favorite of the king, and through her she became acquainted with the king. At Scarron's death she was asked to take charge of the education of the king's children.

Louis XIV, at first treating her with mild disdain, began to take cognizance of her when her straightforward thinking and speaking secured her a steadily rising fame at court. However, he discovered in conversing with her that her opinions

bore even more weight than the dallying courtiers discerned in them. Strangely enough, he seemed to draw some moral support from her, and it is largely through her that Madame de Montespan fell into disgrace, and a reconciliation was effected between Louis and the unfortunate queen. After the death of the queen, Louis began taking notice of Madame de Maintenon on his way to the gaming table for an evening. Upon this their first meeting, he was always afflicted, but never disheartened. After the lapse of a respectable interval of time following the death of his first wife and queen, the sister of Charles II, king of Spain, he and his favorite, de Maintenon, were secretly married. It is curious to note that the newly-made, but obscure queen, hurried to write to her confessor, explaining the entire procedure and alleging as an excuse for the secret transaction her intention to convert the French court to decency in mode of living.

In the marriage both Louvois and Madame de Montespan saw the decline of their power. Madame de Montespan realized that she could match Madame de Maintenon neither in wit nor beauty—if one may speak of beauty in women of fifty summers. As for Louvois, he knew that the shrewd de Maintenon would clearly understand the scope of his plans and would tactfully withdraw Louis from his influence. Consequently the fading hetaira and the waning evil genius made common cause against Madame de Maintenon. Louvois persuaded Louis not to acknowledge her as queen in public and, though she received every becoming act of obeisance from the court and exercised power beyond usual recognition, she was never solemnly entitled The Queen of France.

Very dexterously she sought to achieve her queenly status, but the indomitable egoism of Louis

XIV, prompted always by Louvois, rebelled at bestowing the honor upon one so lowly born as de Maintenon. Precisely, how much this position embarrassed de Maintenon is not well known. The only records, save her own memoirs, are those of St. Simon, who was her bitterest enemy. At any rate, true to Louvois' fears, she clearly saw his purpose and evil influence at court. One may well assume that she fought for her position, if for no other reason, to disgrace and conquer Louvois. The fight was bitter. She soon supplanted Louvois in the confidence of the king; she received the foreign ministers; was present at all state conferences; advised and counseled much. To Louvois remained but the direction of the war which he attempted to turn into an instrument for revenge.

His first plot against Madame de Maintenon was engineered at the expense of French blood. While he still had the King's ear he brought about the revocation of the "Edict of Nantes" (1685) and a general persecution of the Huguenots. Feeling certain that the measure would be hateful to the court as well as to most of France, he made it appear that Madame de Maintenon had beguiled the king into this folly. He hoped that the rumors of the king's being twisted round the thumb of Madame de Maintenon would offend the pride of "Le Grand Monarque." Consequently, by bringing de Maintenon into such disfavor that Louis could not possibly recognize her as queen, he hoped also to make the king more wary in his dealings with her and possibly bring him away from her influence altogether. However, Louvois miscalculated. Though he succeeded for a time in bringing Madame de Maintenon into disfavor with the court, Louis distinctly remembered from what quarter the opposition to the "Edict of Nantes" had

come. Louis ruled as few kings have ruled, not only his nation but his court. When by his action he exonerated de Maintenon the whole court did likewise.

Louvois' second attempt to defame Madame de Maintenon filled the Rhine with blood. Everyone knew that the obscure queen was the king's chief adviser, but not every one knew that Louvois still directed the war along the Rhine. Louvois' plot was secretly to order the burning of all the cities along the river, notably Treves, which had been lately captured. The order should appear to have been sent on de Maintenon's instigation. Conspiring with Louvois was Madame de Montespan; in fact the plot was probably her invention for we should imagine a man to be more direct in his revenge. Madame de Montespan had tasted the cup of disgrace and humiliation at Madame de Maintenon's hand and knew how bitter it was. She desired, therefore, not to see Madame de Maintenon bodily injured, but disgraced and ignored. The plot was well laid. Louvois had confederates in the army; de Maintenon's name could be forged; officers could swear to the signature. Yet the plan was foiled.

There was in the court a capricious young princess from the court of Savoy, the Duchess of Burgundy. She stood well in the affection of the entire court and tripped gayly from apartment to apartment carrying bits of gossip. She had noticed that Louvois and Madame de Montespan were together much of late; hence she dropped in on Madame de Montespan to chide her for an affair of the heart with Louvois. While she was gossiping idly, a messenger brought a letter from Louvois. Playfully but quickly she took it from the messenger and opened it. Madame de Montespan hastily snatched it from her, but not before the Duchess had a

glimpse of the contents. She saw Madame de Maintenon's arms; an order, "Burn Treves;" and a signature. Attached to this letter was one from Louvois which she had no time to read. She pretended not to have seen, but equivocate she could not under the suspicious eyes of Madame de Montespan; so the Duchess took her leave. At once she sought out Madame de Maintenon and the king.

The king, hearing of the episode, called Louvois and asked what action had been ordered concerning Treves. Louvois answered that there had been none. Louis then ordered his guards to apprehend any messengers leaving for the frontier. The measure was successful; a messenger was brought in; the message he bore was the note seen by the Duchess of Burgundy. In consequence Louis ordered Louvois publicly flogged.

Shortly after his unbearable disgrace Louvois died of chagrin. Madame de Maintenon was left in peace. Death, however, began its ravages at the court. The Dauphin, the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy were carried off suddenly, some say by poison. The king fell ill—Madame de Maintenon retired to Saint Cyr, a school for girls of her own foundation. Thirty-six hours after she left the court, Louis XIV was ushered into the presence of a mightier King than himself. He went, humble, resigned. Madame de Maintenon herself lived up to the end of her days in seclusion which was broken only once, and that by a visit from Peter the Great of Russia. She died in 1719, four years after her "Grand Monarque."

Robert Nieset '32

Enthusiasm is the breath of genius.

—Beaconsfield.

A LITERARY PARADOX

Why certain geniuses in the province of letters appeal to them more strongly than others is a puzzle that the discriminating devotees to literature of superior quality may often try to solve. Solve it they usually can by analysing their emotions and by resorting to the judgments of critics. By seeking help from these two sources, even the admirer of the weird and exotic literature of the Orient may discover how it comes to pass that he develops an abiding interest in the great number of philosophico emotional verses of the "Rubaiyat," that old quatrains poem of Omar Khayyam. He has been judged by the foremost critics in the realm of letters as being the most renowned writer in secular literature among Eastern nations, and his poem, the "Rubaiyat," as being the most representative of Oriental sentiment and refinement.

The paradox in Omar's case arises from a curious combination of talent and occupation. His scientific mind, which would normally indicate cold intellectualism, urges him to solve problems in astronomy; but associated with this mental quality of his, is a poetic genius, that priceless endowment from which proceeds "the spontaneous overflow of powerful emotions." That he could run from sines and tangents to meter and rime and disport himself with equal facility in the use of any of them indicates a mental equipment of such rare variety that it will always remain difficult to classify Omar as belonging chiefly either to the company of the intellectuals or to that of the sentimentalists. As an example of thorough compatibility between scientist and poet, he is definitely unsurpassed.

In his poetry, Omar likewise exhibits a peculiar

emotional constitution. Not only is his mind both scientific and poetic, but his emotions betray a dual tendency. In one and the same breath he celebrates the gloom of heathen fatalism which holds within the seeming iron links of its argument everything that suggests bitterness, distress, and sorrow, together with unbounded glee, cheerfulness, and the utmost joy and pleasure of existence. Side by side with his tombstone and cypress-tree philosophy, he sings of flowers, nightingales, music, birds and of the hilarious pleasures that accompany wining and dining up to the mark of gluttony and drunkenness. Hence it is that Omar is continually slapping his readers in the face. Should any one of them judge him to be a low rioter with rackish qualities, he retorts with verses that show the emptiness of sensual desires and pleasures; should any one pronounce him to be a gloomy "Gus," he replies in lines that overflow with mirth and glee. Was he a disciple of Zeno or of Epicurus? Guess as one may about this question, one will always have another guess coming. To say something definite about a literary author who is a mixture of clever sentiment and avowed baseness, of good sense and sheer folly, is supremely difficult. Plainly, Omar is a Janus, whose double features respectively reflect friendly honesty and stupid raillery.

As to his literary qualities, which in this case are altogether summed up from an English translation of the "Rubaiyat," it may be assumed that these are terseness of expression and a keen vitality of thought. Not even in the celebrated "Greek Anthology" will one be able to discover epigrams that compare favorably with those that Omar uses with surprising prodigality. Stoic resolution and Epicurean levity both come in for their share of saws and

maxims, but either is spoiled by the nimble interplay of gloom and joy. The menacing look is always foiled by the "resus sardonicus." The one quality that stands undisputed in the case of Omar is a drab fatalistic philosophy combined with a seemingly nonchalant defiance of the laws of God. The following extract from the "Rubaiyat" will illustrate what is here implied:

"Since life is all passing, what matter Bagdad or Balkh;

If our cup be full, what matter bitter or sweet.
Drink wine! for long after you and me, yon moon
Will still fill to its full and still waste to its wane."

That Omar should entertain sentiments as expressed in the preceding lines may well be attributed to the foggy mysticism that enshrouded his otherwise brilliant mind. The kind of faith that was his as a Persian in 1184 could do no better than befuddle the minds of men. That he did not see beyond the inconsistencies of that faith by the help of the noble science of astronomy, and thus come to the knowledge of a God, whose prophet, to be sure, is not Mahomet, is evidently his own fault. He may well have become disgusted and badly jolted by the hypocrites of his day, who mimicked pious fervor by their odd practices; he may have abhorred their shame and conceit; he may have found their disputes and doctrines akin to folly, but for all that, he should have used his own shrewd mind to better advantage than he plainly does in writing the "Rubaiyat."

Whatever perfection and brilliancy of poetic technique belong to this poem in the original must be left to the opinion and judgment of Mr. Edward Fitzgerald, who has rendered it with rare skill into English. That there must be something peculiarly

fascinating about this poem may be deduced from the mighty labor which the translator put to his task of turning but one twelfth of its length into a modern language. That one twelfth, in spite of the vexing shilly-shallying of Omar Khayyam, poet-astronomer, between the rugged stone walls of an imaginary prison of fate and the pleasantly intriguing walls of the palace of pleasure, appears incredibly wonderful in its magnetic appeal to the heart of the world. But is that appeal, to say the least, justifiable?

J. W. Egolf '33

THE PINE TREE

Most trees are brown and bare of leaves
When Winter stalks o'er mead and hill;
Yet there's a tree he cannot kill,
Though strike he may with icy breath.

Does not the Pine dare Winter's chill
And challenge bold his garb of frost,
How'er so cold; what'er its cost,
To make him drop his spinelets green?

All flowers lie upon the ground,
Killed by the cold with ice and snow;
In sunshine merely they will grow:
Not so the Pine, he will not yield.

Oh, lone survivor of your kind,
With lively green, you're always fair,
Though Winter seeks to make you wear
A shroud of white, you spurn his might.

James Pike '33

THE FIRST KNOWN LIBRARY

Ten o'clock that morning found the Asiatic sun beating down in all its intensity on Nineveh, the prosperous capital city of Assyria. To even the most casual observer it was evident that something of not little moment was pending. At street corners, store windows, about the courthouse, groups of farmers, store keepers, and various professional men could be seen engaged in animated conversation. The streets, too, were gayly festooned, flags were out, windows were decorated, and everywhere there was evident indication that some gala occasion was to be celebrated.

As the deep-mouthed tones of the courthouse clock struck twelve long, sonorous notes, the strains of a stirring march, played by a snappy brass band, broke upon the air. Closer, louder, closer, louder came the inspiring music of the band. At last they came into full view on Main Street. The band master, attired in glittering livery and high cockade hat, flashed his baton with a zest that seemed literally to wring ever louder and fuller music from the brassy throats of the city band. Down the street came the parade. The band was leading; the boy scouts were next; then "all the King's horses and all the King's men": floats of brilliant and scenic arrangement, too, were in the parade; clowns with their antics; acrobatics with their gymnastics; in fact all that can be in a parade was there. All were parading; all were enjoying the big holiday.

The parade in imposing, well-ordered form, finally approached the scene of the dedication. As it passed the reviewing stand, King Assurbanipal, arrayed in gorgeous robes of state, arose from the purple and gold throne erected on the stand. With a

glittering gleam in his well satisfied eyes he watched the colorful panorama of his retinue as they marched by. It was not long until the parade broke up and distributed itself about the platform from which the ceremonies of dedication were to be conducted. Looking from the platform one might see motley groups of men, women, and children, all talking in confused, dissonant tones about one thing. They pointed out and admired the imposing structure off to the left which was soon to be dedicated. Suddenly the clarion call of the court trumpeteer broke upon the confused sounds of the crowd's talking. All was hushed. Men, women, children, everyone at once focused eager eyes on the center of activities.

In pompous stateliness the Prime Minister arose, saluted the people, and began to speak:

"Tcday marks an occasion that shall remain in the minds of men forever. Today witnesses the greatest achievement of our all-powerful lord and master, King Assurbanipal. Today, ladies and gentlemen, official recognition and sponsorship are proclaimed for this epoch-making movement. Today we appoint this imposing structure, as it were, the guardian and caretaker of our King's nobly conceived idea. Again I repeat, today, here at the capital city of Assyria, is performed a deed that will endure as one of the world's greatest achievements. Throughout all subsequent history it will be as a beacon light to the mariner, a buoy, a guide through the perilous waters of civilization for the genius of accomplishment for which it shall act as the intermediary between the past and the future; for which it shall be the dispenser of all that man, from the childhood of civilization to the manhood of culture, has achieved. And who is the one responsible for this gift to civilization? I say it is that man among men

who sits enthroned on the dais of purple and gold, our worthy and much loved potentate, our King! It is with infinite pleasure that I introduce his Majesty as speaker on this occasion."

Amidst the deafening applause that greeted this speech of the Prime Minister, the King arose, approached the rostrum, and in deep-sounding voice addressed his people:

"Men, women, and children of my kingdom: I believe that I have never observed such a demonstration of enthusiasm as at present, on your part, since the day of my coronation. I can scarcely express the gratification that overwhelms me as I view this vast throng of eager faces. I had not expected this hearty appreciation of my vast work, and I assure you that these sentiments flowing from the sincere hearts of you, my loyal subjects, shall not go unrewarded.

"The Prime Minister in his eloquent introduction put in the form of a prophesy the hope I entertained when first I entered upon this project. I desire that this movement shall be enlarged upon, duplicated, and augmented in all countries and in all climes. Its possibilities are boundless, once the soul of the movement will be realized and appreciated by those in authority. Now perhaps you wonder just why I wish this movement to be made a part of civilization. My reason is this, namely, that people may be educated. As working people, neither you nor future laborers will have the time or opportunity to attend school for many years. In the quiet stillness, though, of flickering hearth fires you will enjoy reading after your day's work. I feel convinced that reading, next to practical experience, is one of the best means of education. But I had better leave the moralizing on this movement to future ambitious authors,

while I explain some of its more interesting features.

"As you may know, the money needed to finance this affair was obtained from our recent victories in the East. The money proposition, though, was by far the least perplexing problem. I have sent learned men to every part of the civilized world, and now I am happy to say that in consequence of their labors there are 100,000 cuneiform works in our New Library. Among this number are not only Assyrian works, but literary works of all the different nations known to exist. Some of the tablets show diminutive script and are thus hard to read by the unaided eye, but they must be preserved at all cost. Of course you realize that our copies of the various contributions to literature, and to the annals of history, of different countries are not the originals. I employed many scribes. Those works that could not be obtained in originals have been fastidiously copied. Among the various works found in our library are vocabularies of all the extant languages, lists of the deities of each country, together with epithets, records, and calculations of many astronomical observations, grammars, histories, and any amount of other literary material. The greatest treasure, I believe, is a chronology containing the dates of the reigns of various kings and other important historical material. I might continue talking of the vast array of interesting discoveries procured for our library, but the order of the dedication ceremony must not be interrupted. A personal investigation of the library and its contents will, perhaps, find more appreciation than my words. I will conclude by saying again that never in the history of Assyria has such a momentous occasion as this taken place."

Now a bottle of something that resembled rarest old Burgundy was broken across the cornerstone.

How the remainder of the dedication ceremonies were carried out is probably very well known to our readers, hence an elaboration of these details would be superfluous. Of more interest would be the following of Assurbanipal's suggestion: that of examining the library and its contents.

Entering the library one immediately received the impression that he was entering the vast display room of a tile works. Ranged about the high walls of the large rectangular room were long evenly divided shelves of cedar. Every imaginable size, shape, and form of clay tablets were found in neatly arranged compartments on these shelves. A unique color effect was produced by the variety of shades on the tablets; some were of red, some of green and brown clay. On further glancing about the library the first object that attracted the eye was the centrally located librarian's desk. It was built in the shape of a high square counter. In the back of each of the four sides of the desk stood attentive Assyrian maidens of varying degrees of pulchritude and other feminine allurement. These worthy ladies were busily engaged in receiving tiles, checking them out, aiding reference workers, and performing the usual tasks incumbent on a librarian. Over the face of the circumspect observer an indulgent smile might be seen to creep from time to time as he noticed the unusually large number of young men doing an unusually large amount of reference work. It seemed that these same gentlemen, who by the way were mostly high school seniors, had much trouble locating their desired tiles, for not infrequently the Misses librarians would have to come to the aid of said youths and help to hunt the required baked clay. The student of human nature would find many interesting subjects for analysis upon further looking

about the large room. Here one might see a young lady literally devouring with eager eyes the latest tile novel of the day, entitled, "Pirates of Passion." Further on old men could be seen bending over stacks of clay tablets and scrutinizing them with reading glasses; so small, as might happen, were the cuneiform inscriptions. College professors and ladies of the exclusive social set could be seen browsing about looking for something palatable to their literary tastes. From time to time people of all ages, types, and characteristics might be observed approaching the librarian's desk with baskets or valises. They were not attempting to sell anything, but were merely returning or taking out clay tablets. If anyone should desire to take home some work like Tolstoy's "War and Peace" he would have quite a job on his hands. Two or three baskets of clay tablets would probably accommodate the load. Evidently the people were following Assurbanipal's admonition of reading in the evening after the day's work, for many were they who would stop at the library and take home a basket of clay as suppertime approached. Old men especially followed this custom, and it is to be regretted that these old codgers were denied the best part of the evening's reading, namely, a well caked briar and a can of Prince Albert. The world was not yet smoking, for Sir Walter Raleigh had not as yet discovered the "soothing weed."

It is rather a modern way of looking at this ancient work of the Assyrians but can we not better appreciate this five thousand year old Assyrian civilization if we look at it through our own sophisticated eyes? Adopting such a viewpoint helps us to realize all the more the inestimable value of this library; the vast help it has been to those engaged in solving the riddles of history and the paradoxes

of civilization. We can better evaluate, too, the price of this inheritance bequeathed by that Assyrian potentate; we can realize more thoroughly the source of our own libraries; we can better appreciate their function and hence derive greater profit; we can, on next visiting our own library reconstruct in our imagination this amusing scene of cumbersome and laborious reading, while we smile contentedly in our modern easy chair with the latest best-seller in our hands. We should not, however, fail to respect the memory of that grand old Monarch of ancient times, who, as it is believed, had the required literary taste; the artistic idea that induced him to establish what is recognized as "The First Known Library."

William J. Coleman '32

THE NEW YEAR

My mind took wings and soared through highest skies
To mock the earth and all its lowly brood;
In space immense, unknown to human eyes,
It found alone what satisfied its mood.
Mid planets flying restless through the years,
It heard the music echoed from the spheres;
It saw the famous stars of legends old,
And 'mong them comets steering courses bold.

But as it watched, there came a moment's halt
As if the ponderous orbs gave heed to new commands
A voice that roared like beat of mighty drum
Gave out its high decrees in thund'ring call:
"That all creation may its God revere,
Hold on your courses through a bright New Year!"

Joseph N. Wittkofski '32

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The Editor's Chair



CATHOLIC ACTION

Following in the trail of the innumerable inventions and scientific developments of the past two centuries has been a surging tide of materialism closely akin to paganism. Numbered among these modern fallacies are the Free-thinking Rationalists, whose champion was Voltaire; the neo-Evolutionists, who have as their principal exponent Darwin; and at the present day the revolutionizing Communists, who carry on their experiments in Russia. Their influence upon our Christian civilization has been lamentable since the underlying motive of all their theories, teachings, and practices is the abolition of any kind of belief in a supreme Deity. To them man is self-sufficient. From its very earliest days the Church has staunchly opposed such destructive principles. When, however, it became clearly apparent that the wolf of modernism was ruthlessly pillaging the sheep-fold, She determined to strengthen Her barriers by having not only the clergy, but likewise the laity, properly instructed in the teachings of the Divine Master. To accomplish this end "Catholic Action," as concisely defined by Pope Pius, "the participation of the laity in the Apostolate of the Hierarchy," has been established not only in Europe but also in America.

Parish grammar schools and high schools have been founded by zealous pastors who are striving

to develop the young people into God-fearing Christians. This noble effort, however, is inadequate to withstand the surging tide of paganism. The Hierarchy alone cannot cope with this gigantic task. The only solution to the question is the formation, under the capable supervision of the respective diocesan bishops, of lay organizations, whose fundamental principle, in both their private and public lives, is to be true Catholics and worthy followers of Jesus Christ.

"Catholic Action," the consequent result of this pressing necessity, has as its primary purpose the union of all laymen in order that they may think and live in all phases of their lives as Catholics who seek to mold all society and all social institutions according to the demands of Christ. Ultimately this means the conversion of the world to the practice of Christ's teachings in private, family, and civic life; in social, economic, and intellectual development; in recreation and in every other phase of human society. By good example alone can this noble aim be achieved.

In an ardent effort to spread "Catholic Action" the bishops have founded lay organizations, not only in parishes, but furthermore in Catholic universities, colleges, and in major and preparatory seminaries from which the leaders of the future are to come. Here at St. Joseph's College "Catholic Action" is to assume an important position among the other local societies. Those who are to be the leaders of tomorrow in this field, must today be its most conscientious supporters. In conformity with the desires of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, there is to be delivered each month a discussion upon some topic of universal interest defining the Catholic viewpoint and how one should react

to this viewpoint. Since it is customary to read the daily newspapers, absorbing all the latest sports and crime data, why should not we, Catholic men, support our own newspapers, periodicals, and books, by carefully reading them and likewise by placing them in hands where they can do much good. You, the future priests, must qualify yourselves for this exalted office by being primarily worthy advocates of "Catholic Action."

M. J. V.

"Think you tomorrow, when the fullness of life's treasure is mine, that it will hold aught that is new or strange to me? I tell you that I long have known each masterpiece that hangs upon the walls of my To Be, and each royal robe that I shall wear was spun from starshine in my dreams."

Muriel Strode.

The guiding star of a man's life is his ideal; it is this ideal that does more to determine his success or failure in life than does any other element in his character. Every man is potentially two men: the man he is, and the man he desires to be. On the one hand, there is the sum total of all his thoughts and actions in the past; and on the other hand, a vast number of mere possibilities. The essence of education is the adaptation of conduct to a principle; of actions to an ideal. To become an educated man, then, in the real sense of the word, demands the fostering of an ideal.

The sequence of harvest to seedtime holds in human experience as well as in the realm of agriculture. Thistles may grow alongside of the wheat, but not from it. The seed can produce only of its own kind. In other words, the material harvest follows

only after a mental sowing. Nature makes returns in accordance with the previous mental planting; if one would reap big things, dreams of big things are to be sown first. As an example, consider Disraeli. He had an ideal—that of being a great speaker. He clung to this ideal until as prime minister of England he became one of the most highly respected statesmen and orators of the Empire. Examples of this kind are common in the history of the world, for the world's dreamers have always been its doers.

In any consideration of ideals, it is important to distinguish clearly between the limp wishing for success, and the having of a clear-cut mental picture of the objective in view. Wishing will bring things to pass only to the extent that it may inspire and energize one to go after them. One must of necessity go after success and solicit it, for it comes nowhere of its own accord. It must be sought. Those who are not able to conceive success cannot believe in it; those who expect failure will, without any doubt, find such results as justify their expectations. One's capacity for achievement is measured exactly by the ability to imagine. It is true, a man may visualize without realizing that he is taking a chance; but if he expects to realize without visualizing, there is no chance for him to take.

What one earnestly aspires to be, that he, in some measure, already is; what he desires to possess, he has in some degree already acquired. If one has chosen an ideal, his choice will be the result of his inward aptitude for that ideal. God does not put into the wild geese the instinct to go south in winter without a south to reach; nor did He inspire Columbus to set sail without a San Salvador upon which to land. A man can see his ideal before him just as surely as the sculptor sees the finished face

in the rough marble even before he has taken up the chisel; he must see it just as truly as does the artist who sees the picture grow to completion in his mind's eye even before the paints are mixed. So it is with all true progress and accomplishment: there will always be first the ideal, and then the reality.

L. J. E.

THE DAY OF LIFE

Man's youth is like the matin dawn
Such as belongs to seasons sweet;
'Tis then that man is gay:
With childlike joy he is regaled
While life starts on it's way.

At life full-grown, he stands alone
Like noonday sun that rules the sky;
'Tis then he fears no harm:
As despot proud, he'll have his will,
And cares not for life's charm.

But from its peak, life quickly wends
On trails that lead to somber days;
'Tis then his eyes grow dim:
The race, the game, the shining star
No more take note of him.

Yet when fair youth and middle age
Find their defeat in hoary gray;
'Tis then man sees a light,
That like a beacon shines from far
And leads to heaven's height.

Michael J. Stohr '35



The present scholastic year will be long remembered among school journals as the one in which the Catholic School Press Association was formed. "To encourage, to inspire, and to aid Catholic youth to enter this field (namely, journalism), to induce them to prepare themselves to make the best of the opportunities which this field offers in the service of a splendid cause, and to urge them to assist Catholic schools in becoming more efficient in literary work for the service of the Church," such is the purpose of this association.

Now that the initial step has been taken, which is always the hardest step to take in relation to any project, it remains for Catholic universities, colleges, and high schools to support the cause that has been set before them. It falls to their task to make the best use of the advantages offered by this association in order that they may qualify to reach the high standard demanded. Unceasing labor is now in order to assist the efforts of the association to produce the noble fruits for which it was established. The most appropriate way of showing appreciation of the inducements given by this association is by doing significant, hard, and successful work.

Coming from the place where the Catholic Press Association has originated, The Flambeau, Marquette University High School, is an exchange that always excites pleasurable anticipations by its very appearance. We know from its very looks that it has something interesting and novel to give its readers.

The literary section is ushered in by "John

Kenny, Quitter," a commendable piece of narrative prose which holds the attention of the reader both by reason of his material and facile expression. After having followed the adventures of officer, Tim Flannigan, we are tempted to believe that his creator has been influenced to a great extent by the accepted minion of the law as depicted in the modern cinemas. "The Story of the Faithful Soul," which was taken from the French, redounds to the credit of John Petersik. Also worthy of notice is "Diamonds of Dunlope," while "Was It Murder?" displays a fertile imagination and literary ability of its author.

When Keats said, "The poetry of earth is ceasing never," he most probably had never heard of Marquette High School. This school with its many writers of verse is a concrete proof of the veracity of the poet's statement. Throughout the thirty-five pages of literary material in the Flambeau the reader finds eighteen poems in various forms and on different subjects. He will find beautiful songs about autumn, tranquil poems about peace, and charming verse about nature in general. It is this last class of poets especially which Marquette may well hold in pride.

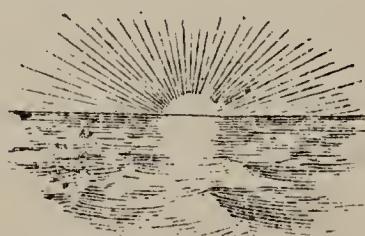
"Poetry is the overflowing of the soul." If this statement is true, surely "O Evening Star," by Robert Kaiser is real poetry. This roundel is a gem, perfect in form and delightfully delicate. It is a pleasure to read such work, and to know that such poetry as this is still being written in these times when our pseudo-great poets are forgetting all form in their attempts to break away from the past. "Chrysanthemums" and "Jack Frost" are also fine pieces of verse. Both approach the acme of high school poetry. Congratulations, poets, keep up your good work.

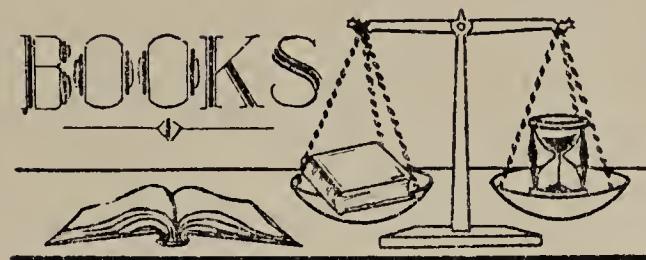
Concerning the various columns: "Books," "Athletics," and "Exchanges" show that their editors have the work well in hand and are equal to the tasks before them. The staff artist, Wilfrid Duehren, is indeed a valuable asset to the personnel of the Flambeau, for his drawings of the prep stars and coaches are of surpassing quality.

As we take one last parting glance over the pages of the Flambeau we cannot help but feel that the Marquette University High School has come up to our fondest expectations.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines since our last issue:

THE AURORA; BLACK AND RED; COSMOS; CANISIUS MONTHLY; CHRONICLE; ECHO; THE GOTHIC; BAY LEAF; ST. LOUIS COLLEGIAN; ROSARIAN; GREEN AND WHITE; OLIVIA; PACIFIC STAR; PILGRIM; PRINTCRAFTERS; THE QUARTERLY; RATTLER; RENSSELAERIEN; RECORD; GLEANER; SHADOWS; TOWER; HIGH SCHOOL NEWS; STATIC; CHIMES; LOOK-AHEAD; ST. MARY'S COLLEGIAN.





A Renaissance Conflict

CHARLES OF EUROPE, by D. B. Wyndham Lewis.

Emperor Charles the Fifth of the Holy Roman Empire emerges from the political and moral turbidness of the sixteenth century, through Mr. Lewis' book, as a man of stern will power and prodigious faculty for hard work, as the champion of the united Christian State. For thirty-five years he bore an inhuman burden: the destiny of our modern world. Both Francois I of France and Henry VIII might have, to a varying degree, exonerated him, but intolerance of rivalry allied their bitterest opposition. Henry fell victim to the wiles of Anne Boleyn who would make him a demi-god, a "super-Pope," with autocratic powers far greater than any Holy Roman Pontiff dared assume. At the time when Charles was trying valiantly to curb the disruptive forces of the Church's enemies, Francois waged four nearly groundless wars against him. Openly the pagan-minded Francois (paradoxically, Most Christian King of France) made an alliance with the Algerine pirates and with Suleiman II, leader of the Turkish horde which was sweeping through the Danube land to the walls of Vienna and threatening to complete the crescent, to penetrate the heart of Christendom. Charles defeated Francois and warded off the Turkish menace, but in his mighty struggle against the Reformers he failed; failed not from a lack of personal abilities, but because of opposing enemies. One by one his ideals of a united Europe and a united religion were shattered till in cruel disillusionment

he retired, prematurely aged and physically wrecked, to a Hieronymite monastery at Yuste, Spain. Charles' was a fight for conservation against disintegration, "a drawn contest," says Wyndham Lewis, "not yet decided."

The very human appeal of Wyndham Lewis, his color, robustness, and vigor of style, his mastery of suspense, his logic and sincerity, and his warm Catholicism permit no lagging of interest. "Charles of Europe" is a historical tract rather than a biography, for it lacks the connected sequence of a life-story; analysis is there, but synthesis is left to the reader. Successive portraits of the three rivals (the Hapsburg, Valois, and Tudor) are swiftly penned, but, like the one on Martin Luther, at the same time "academically comprehensive." This book takes an important place in that movement, inaugurated by English Catholic writers of today (notably Belloc, Chesterton, Hollis, and Lewis), "to present factually history which has been deliberately perverted by non-Catholics who have blindly followed Froude, Gibbons, and Macaulay."

M. D., a "Chicago Tribune" reviewer, is typical of the followers of Froude. In his review of this biography he bombastically exclaims: "In defiance of accepted historical research, Wyndham Lewis implies that Luther died in the arms of the Church he had renounced. In making a statement as sensational as this one there should be very definite and conclusive proof. But the author is content to let the entire matter pass with this weak and light phrase, 'according to the evidence.'" On investigation one finds that what Mr. Lewis actually says is: "He died after reciting the Latin prayers of the Church he had so fiercely combated." Now if that means that "Luther died in the arms of the Church he had re-

nounced," then many non-Catholics die in the Church, for have they not generally been reciting the prayers of the Church? And Lewis' phrase "according to the evidence," which M. D. styles weak and light, really refers, not to Luther's final acceptance of Catholicism, but to his affirmation that he was dying "in the pure unsullied adherence of the Reform he had begun." One cannot dismiss all this as simply a case of violent disagreement on the part of M. D. It is one of the frequent cases of a reviewer's superficiality and (more likely than not) ignorance.

The following comment on Mr. Lewis' treatment of Mary Tudor could, in virtue of the former, but be expected of M. D.—it is an old question: "Everyone who knows any history realizes that there was no excuse for the atrocities perpetrated throughout the reign of Bloody Mary of England, and to attempt a glossing over of this is carrying tolerance a bit far." Everyone, indeed, who knows any history realizes that during the one winter of 1569 Elizabeth executed nearly three times as many Catholics as Mary did non-Catholics during her whole five-year reign. Christopher Hollis in his "Monstrous Regiment" observes that the accepted number of Mary's victims is put by all reliable historians between two and three hundred; Elizabeth's, between sixty and seventy thousand. "The truth is," writes Cobbett, "that the executions ordered during the reign of Mary, in virtue of existing laws, and after regular form of trial, generally reached a set of most wicked wretches, who sought to destroy the queen and her government, and, under pretense of 'freedom of conscience,' to obtain the means of again preying on the people." After a careful rereading of the matter referred to, I fail to see any attempt to

gloss over "these atrocities;" Mr. Lewis' tolerance is broader than that of many another historian, Catholic or not.

And so on. I have brought in M. D.'s review simply to show how hard it is for many reviewers to lend themselves to the ideal of disinterestedness, and how easily they are victimized by flippancy in the reading and studying of a book under review.

Another Conflict

JESSE AND MARIA, by Enrica von Handel-Mazzetti.

Between Jesse, the proud, young Evangelical noble, and Maria, the wife of Alexander Schinnagel, arises a tremendous struggle. Remotely, the conflict is due to the weak character of Maria's husband; immediately, it is caused by a miraculous image of the Blessed Virgin, and results in the insanity of Jesse and the heroism of Maria.

At the turn of the sixteenth century, the time of this story, Austria was in a tumultuous condition. The followers of Loyola were battling the forces of Wittenberg and Geneva. Baroness Handel-Mazzetti has embodied in the personality of Jesse a strong Lutheran spirit; she has made Maria the incarnation of fervent Catholicism. By a quite natural symbolism their conflicts are representative of the sharp strife then existing between the Church and the Reformers. At first the story is confusing, heavy, and desultory, but in the length of a hundred pages the author gradually gathers together the threads of her tale and weaves a novel of majestic power. There are scenes that cannot be forgotten. Among them the final one which ends with the sweep of a Greek tragedy. Many things in this novel Catholics will not like, and there are many more that non-Catholics will like still

less. It is easily one of the most provocative novels of the twentieth century.

Baroness Enrica von Handel-Mazzetti is a new author to American readers. Yet her novel has been, despite the storms of violent criticism, a German classic for twenty-five years. In introducing the author to English-speaking readers George N. Shuster, the translator, has done a worthier work than he supposed, for this German production is sure to add a new impetus to the present Catholic literary revival.

Treasure in Kentucky Hills

A BURIED TREASURE, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts.

For her new "drama of the inarticulate," Miss Roberts has chosen an old theme: When a rheumy farmer and his wife, irrevocably and voluntarily bound to the soil, discover one day a pot of money buried under a rotten stump in the pasture field, they are overcome by frantic joy, by dreams of things to buy, and by visions and suspicions of robbers. Ben, the young intruder of the story who is sent by his father to find in these rustic hills the grave-yard of his ancestors, observes the fortunate discovery of Andy and Philly. Unusual complications then arise.

But "A Buried Treasure" is not, as its title suggests, an adventure story—it is an analysis of the human mind in and out of adversity. The conflict of Andy and Philly, who are very different psychologically, and their attempts at agreeing on how to dispose of the treasure after they have it, is superbly unique. Pitted against them are their neighbors, always distrustful and suspicious; the world outside symbolizes the thief. The "deus ex machina" of the novel, Ben, remains to a certain extent mysterious;

his introduction and position as a character, unclear.

In this day of shoddy fiction, of forced realism, of base holocausts to the Goddess Lubricity, a book such as "A Buried Treasure" is a boon. Kentucky's modern interpreter, Miss Roberts, somewhat like Miss Cather, shows a deepening interest in things of the mind and spirit. Her language is poetically subtle, but her search into the depths of human nature, her psychological insight, and her intensity of emotion are not yet that of a great novelist. With the growth of years (she is still a young woman) there ought to result a marked development of these essential qualities of the true artist. She ought to travel far on the main road of literature, trafficked as it is with mediocrities and immaturated talents.





"A toast! A toast!" cried the merry-makers in the Alumni Hall on New Year's Eve.

Then in a loud, sonorous voice St. Joseph's College spoke: "Here's to all the Alumni of St. Joe's. May success attend you throughout the new year, and may you be imbued with a greater zeal to write to your Alma Mater."

Hats off to the Idlewilers! Any initial enterprise fashioned by an assembly of Alumni for the purpose of fostering good fellowship and renovating the remembrance of their Alma Mater deserves much praiseworthy recognition. On Monday eve, January 4, 1932, the following convened at the Idlewile Club, located near Delphos, Ohio, where an agreeable appurtenance to the St. Joseph's Alumni Association was formed: the Rev. George J. May and Leo J. Wildenhaus of Ft. Jennings, Ohio; the Rev. Hilary R. Weger of Hamler, Ohio; the Rev. Meinrad B. Koester of St. Joseph's College; Otto J. Birkmeier, George B. Pohlman, John A. Metzner, Raymond H. Stallkamp, Francis Gengler, Oscar J. Hempfling, Joseph and Bertrand Shenk, Earl and Arthur Schmit, and Richard Mueller, all of whom are from Delphos. After a brief business discussion at which John Metzner was elected president and Raymond Stallkamp secretary and treasurer, a rather gala party ensued. Those who were present spent the evening playing games of cards, climaxing the meet with wiener sandwiches and—the life of the party—refreshments. This annex association of the St. Joe's

Alumni plans to congregate annually at the Idlewile Club. However, the next gathering is to be held on the eve of August 15. Why not invite other Alumni of your locality to join this meeting or rather encourage them to convoke such gatherings for the same purpose? This is a noble beginning which certainly will produce results. Now don't ask why these gentlemen call themselves the St. Joe's "Idlewiler" boys, for that will soon and easily be known.

If the Mexicans can raise "Jumbo Beans," then surely with the assistance of a St. Joe Alumnus, the results will be doubled. Paul Mahay of the class of '31, who left St. Joseph's in '27, joined the army and is stationed at Fort Clayton in the Canal Zone, just thirty miles from South America.

A Hoosier at St. Gregory's wrote the following news: "Russell Gillig is helping in managing the candy store. Edward Miller, besides holding a responsible student position, together with Earl Schmit and William Pfeifer, still enlivens any dismal day with one of his 'Elmer Wart's' presentations—for which he was famous at St. Joe's. Richard Bauman still plays and talks baseball. Mike Fromes has retained his 'gangster' reputation. William Faber upholds his usual traits—playing tricks on some one. Thomas Durkin is emphatically convinced that angels are made and not born. Hence he is still trying to make everyone think that he is an angel."

That St. Joseph's College is famous in dramatics is becoming more and more evident. A number of the Alumni at St. Gregory's have received much praise for their splendid acting in several plays, thus reflecting fame upon their Alma Mater.

A "Home Coming" for only two would seem very queer, but here is one that proved rather successful. On Thanksgiving Thomas Durkin boarded a bus to

Milford, Ohio, to visit his cousin, Maurice Meyers, at the Jesuit Novitate. Maurice Meyers, an ex-'32-er, left St. Joe's in '30 and immediately joined the Jesuits. These two Alumni soon drifted back in their conversation to the happy days spent at their Alma Mater. And why not? Such are typical qualities of every Alumnus.

Francis Matthews, who attended St. Joseph's College from '26-'29, has become a member of the Flying Cadets, Brooks Field in San Antonio, Texas.

Ah! here is an achievement that all should be enthusiastic to reach. Herman Reineck, the President of the Class of '30, is in second Philosophy at St. Gregory. In the examinations just before Christmas, Mr. Reineck—though thinking that he had a very meager chance to prove his ability to the rest of the class—won the laurels in Philosophy with a 100 per cent perfect paper. How about a few lines on just the best steps to proceed?

On their way home for Christmas vacation, Lawrence Grothouse, Louis Duray, Cornelius Flynn, Anthony Vogus, and Joseph Hageman thought it very appropriate "to stop off at their Alma Mater and see how things are running along without their influential presence." These merry gentlemen, again at liberty, expressed their joy to be once more united with their acquaintances of bygone days and especially to spend some time at "the good St. Joe's College"—as they classed it. We certainly appreciate such "stop-ins" and look forward to more of them. Come more frequently. We want you.

Every duty, even the least duty, involves the whole principle of obedience.

—Archbishop Manning.



CHRISTMAS VACATION

On the morning of December 23rd, after much hurried and last-minute packing, many of the students were "taxied" to the railroad station. These likable lads were on their merry way to share in the Christmas cheer at home. If anyone should say that real joy and intense expectation have passed with the old times, just invite him to observe closely the beaming countenances of the students as they eagerly await the approach of the Hoosier flyer. As the train chugged on to cities, villages, and rural routes, many phrases such as "Merry Christmas," "See you in Kokomo," and "Be Good!" were sung out cheerily.

But alas! there is an end to everything. Just as delicious angel-food cake finally dwindle down to the last crumb, so also a glorious Christmas vacation wanes away to the last second. On one bright sunny day the vacation begins, and on a dark gloomy day it ends. The day of gloom was January 7th. To change from a life free from care to the second quarterly examinations within the space of three weeks is a rather hard pill to swallow. But this pill is just what January has to offer. There is, however, a ray of sunshine—the trouble of mailing and receiving Christmas cards is ended, and then, too, spring is just around the corner with its interesting and varied activities.

CHRISTMAS DAY

The sun "shining vernally" was warming the

light green grass; the clouds lazily rolled by, and a slight breeze was wafted along—it was Christmas 1931. For the students the day began—after they had been roused from their peaceful slumbers by a string quartet consisting of Edmund Burki, Ambrose Heiman, Edward Maziarz, and Michael Spegele—with a Solemn High Mass at five o'clock. The Very Rev. Rector, Joseph B. Kenkel, celebrated the Holy Mass, with Rev. Charles Davitt as deacon and the Rev. Rufus Esser as subdeacon. At 8:15 another Solemn High Mass was sung. Then after an enjoyable recreation period, the ever-hungry Collegevillians closed the morning with a festive dinner.

Under the direction of Isidore McCarthy and Joseph Otte, the Regular students presented a varied program for the entertainment of the Sisters and Brothers. The most striking feature of the performance was a German pantomime read by Alexander Leiker with a Teutonic facility that can only be called innate. By far a more impressive scene was given in the staging of the playlet, "Tarcisius," while "Bethlehem" added a true yuletide atmosphere as a final impression.

EVENING OF DECEMBER 27th

The remnant of the Raleigh Club Orchestra opened the program on Sunday evening, December 27th, with their theme song and then continued with an hour of cheerful music and song. "Val" Volin, as master of ceremonies and director of the orchestra, furnished good cheer with his excellent music. As "guest artist" of the evening, John Byrne scored another hit, especially in the number which he and John Sheehan enacted. "Len" Storch entertained with a pleasing group of medleys. Never would any one have thought that "Snakes" O'Herron and "Iky"

Hoover could make a vaudeville team—but one should see those boys get together. For their next appearance provisions shall have to be made to enlarge the clubroom in order to make more room for the soaring tenor voice of Gomar DeCocker.

RETREAT

Begining on Saturday evening, December 26, and ending Friday morning, January 1, the Sisters and Brothers were in retreat. The master of the retreat was Father Joseph Ahn, C. PP. S.

LATIN CONTEST

During the holidays a novelty Latin contest was held by Fr. Gilbert Esser. Quite a number of students took an active interest in this contest and as a result some displayed sufficient ability to win fine prizes.

BLUE SKIES

Usually about this time of the year the checker and chess boards, the pinochle and bridge tables hear a great deal of wisdom concerning the elections, disarmament, baseball trades and so on. Regardless of the topic, one is sure to be enlightened about the weather of the present day or of days gone by. During a recent chess game when the queen cornered the king, it was remarked that the Regular students were disappointed with the weather this year. After waiting patiently for Christmas vacation in order to do some fancy ice-skating (especially star-cutting), they had to be satisfied with hiking through the woods and chasing rabbits.

Upon the mention of ice-skating, an old-timer reminiscently remarked: "You boys should have been here thirty years ago. Why there was 'water, water

everywhere!' So much water that even the lawns around the entire main building were converted into one great, circular skating pond. With all the filled-in lawns and terraces now, this may seem unbelievable. Fact is, the lake gracing the highway lawn, and the swamp west of the gym are the only two surviving traces of what 'used to be.' I recall how Father Edwin Walters used to tell about his visit to this land in 1875. He arrived on horsesback at the orphanage, which was then located on these grounds under the direction of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, when suddenly the weather turned extremely bad so that good Father Edwin was marooned by mud and water for two weeks. My! what a change within a few years!"

Oh, Indiana weather! still as mutable as the fortunes of war! Two years ago the snow drifts were so deep that the homeward-bound boarded "yesterday's" train three hours late. This year there hasn't been enough snow to pelt Mr. Adair's red and white stove-pipe hat.

And so much about the weather.

DELEGATE TO FORESTRY CONGRESS

Father Albin Scheidler, as one of the seven Indiana delegates appointed by Governor Leslie, and as one deeply interested in forestry, attended the second annual convention of the Central States Forestry Congress held at Cincinnati in December.

Since the Mississippi flood disaster, public sentiment in behalf of a sound reforestation policy has grown steadily. To meet this demand nine of the Central States have organized to form the Forestry Congress. It may be well to state the objectives of this new organization which was founded in Indianapolis, December, 1931:

1. "Establish in the existing organizations and the public mind the mutual forestry problems of the region as the marketing and utilization of materials; the protection of existing forests from grazing and fire; the reforestation of abandoned and sub-marginal agricultural lands; the importance of forests in the prevention of soil erosion, the silting of stream channels and the control of floods; the development of outdoor recreation, game and wild life; the advancement of forestry research.

2. "Exchange helpful ideas, experiences and methods between individuals and agencies.

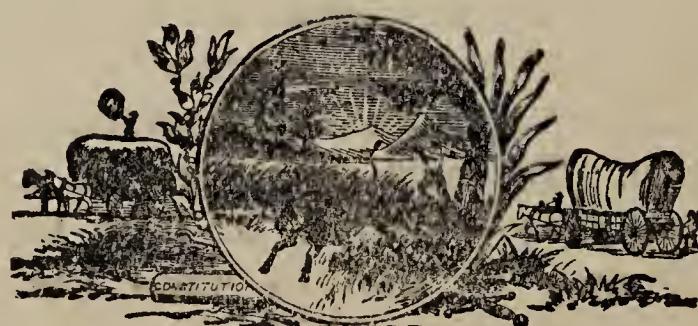
3. "Formulate progressive and consistent policies of forest reconstruction.

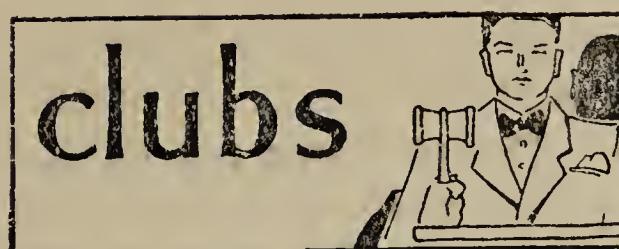
4. "Stimulate public interest and concern in the development and wise use of the forest resources of the region."

Whether one is a landowner or not he should acquaint himself with the work of reforestation and propagate its policy.

CORRECTION

In the Collegian issue of December, under the title "Profession," the name of Brother Joseph Minch, C. PP. S. was omitted. Brother Joseph made his perpetual promise of fidelity at the same time that the students made their three-year profession.





COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The spotlight flashes on the C. L. S. as it convenes for its last meeting of the year 1931. It is Sunday, Dec. 13th. The meeting starts earlier than the usual scheduled time. With amazing speed, matters of business are finished. The stage is set for a big surprise. In the form of a pleasant entertainment, a play is presented, "The Christmas gift of the executive committee." "The Half-Back's Interference," a farce in one act, though simple, gave a splendid example of the wiles and caprices of the cruel, cruel, world. The members of the cast and the executive committee are to be highly commended for their effort and achievement. The play caused many a jolly laugh, even though one of the participants was "agin' football." The president adjourned the meeting by extending to the members, in the name of all the officers, the season's greetings and best wishes.

NEWMAN CLUB

Ushered in by a well-handled play and fine acting, the Class of '34 finally made its formal debut, December 22, 1931, amid the most agreeable applause. After seeing "The Turn in the Road," we must confess that the first public appearance of the Newmans compares most favorably with any other initial Newman production within our memory. The play in itself was simple and light, but it was so well acted that it should not be dropped into the limbo of forgotten plays.

Like many of our recent Newman plays, "The Turn in the Road" dealt with the trials and troubles of college life. The plot was not deep, but fascinating: a wild party has been enjoyed at a certain Woodstock hotel by the Colton Freshman Class; the morning after finds several freshies deeply implicated in trouble. Ted Morris, the freshman idol, is in dire need of \$450 by 4:00 p. m. the same day. On coming to the room of Stong, his private tutor and a fellow schoolmate, he spies \$500 lying on the desk. Having convinced himself that Stong would lend him the sum if he were present, Morris takes the money to satisfy his fine. As the play progresses Hiram Skinner visits the school and rebukes the Colton students for stealing his cow on that fatal night. He threatens that if said cow is not returned in a week's time, the authorities shall learn of the entire affair. How these mysterious complications and comic, tense, and sometimes embarrassing situations were finally unravelled by Stong and Captain Colfax, and how these two men for the whole aristocratic freshman class, can best be answered by the audience which sat spell-bound for hours.

The role of Ezra Stong, the kind older brother to whom all went for advice and assistance, was well interpreted by Thomas Buren. The spontaneity that characterized his actions, whether in comical or tense situations, was commendable. With Charles Scheidler as Hobart Colfax, Capt. of the Colton football team, we sense another prospective actor for the lime-light. His gentleness, yet superb show of authority throughout won the admiration not only of his classmates but of the entire audience as well. He is to be commended for his excellent creative powers. By his really romantic acting and by a number of allusions he created an off-stage female

character which glowed with almost idealistic beauty. Hiram Skinner, a prosperous Woodstock farmer, who wasn't in the least fond of "them thar Colton students," was aptly portrayed by Gomar De Cocker. Gomar brought out the fact that Skinner possessed not only the preposterous and commanding disposition of a rich independent farmer, but that there was a depth of kindness and gayety in the "old rube." Herman Kirchner also showed surprising talent in his interpretation of Daniel Hawkins, the hardworking student from the backwoods of Maine, who later stood revealed as Skinner's nephew. William McKune as Teddy Morris, the pride of the Freshman class, displayed dramatic abilities far surpassing those of an ordinary amateur. The essence of character flowed through every fibre of his being with much apparent ease and yet with such intensity as quite justified the care and seriousness of preparation. Peering through the veil of the future we expect to see some ray of this promising stellar performer illuminating the firmament of the C. L. S. with dazzling brightness. Distinctively marked by a capacious sense of fun and sharp wit, the comedy lead of the play was carried with charming success by Dominic Pallone as John Edwards. His very presence on the stage seemed to produce a smile on the face of the audience. Edward Campbell, the unfortunate frosh, who appeared to be a target for bad luck, was cleverly portrayed by Joseph Fontana. The intense fear and almost despairing hate that he registered toward Hiram Skinner and his cow revealed rare talent in the realm of dramatics. Can Dub Welch stutter? When he plays Thos. Doodles he surely can and that to the extreme! To obtain the proper sympathetic response from the audience due to dialect or defect in speech, is an unquestionable

test for success. Based on this premise, Delbert was a success. Frank Gannon, playing the role of Montgomery Donaldson, was an amusing figure throughout the play. Richness of vocabulary, a consistent serious disposition, and glasses, characterized his role.

With this presentation of "The Turn in the Road," the Newmans have firmly established themselves in the dramatic field. But they must move on, ascend, to return again sometime this spring with even greater success.

J. E. B.

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

The meeting of the Dwenger Mission Unit on Saturday evening, December 12, proved both instructive and entertaining. The gathering was educational in as far as it brought before the attention of the members, more emphatically than ever before, the need for a strict observance of parliamentary procedure. Although the unit is large and unwieldy, yet if the laws governing the orderly dispatch of business are followed, future meetings will be characterized by a more dignified air than is now evident. The older students can do their part by keeping in mind the fact that they attend the meetings to help the missions, and not to cut foolish capers in front of the younger and more sincere element present. The lower classes can do their part by observing silence and attentively following the discussion under way in order that they may be more facile in expressing themselves when the opportunity is presented later. A mixture of common sense and more etiquette together with the observance of parliamentary law will render the meetings more pleasant, more effective, and much more brief.

The feature of the December meeting was Bernard Hartlage's vociferous and impassionate defense of the motion that pecuniary aid be sent to Germany. Although the conservative party added a few feeble remarks to the overflowing volcano of verbal contentions the "mitey" author of the statement that "there is no depression in the Missions" won the day by an over-powering vote.

The program of the evening was begun with an instructive, interesting, and well expresed talk on the Holy Name Society by Stanislaus Manoski. Leo Frye rendered a unique and novel narrative poem which received the approbation of the entire assembly. A thoughtful, well composed, and oratorical appeal for adherence to the program of Catholic Action was Robert Nieset's contribution to the evening's repertoire. The surprise of the program came in the person of Joseph Borntreger who favored the unit with a delightful musical interlude.

RALEIGH CLUB

As the lazy strains of the Raleigh Club orchestra slowly floated on the elfin wings of the calm evening breeze, the second of the Raleigh Smoking Club programs was begun. Inspiring, refreshing, and suiting to every mood, the program held on Sunday evening, December 13, filled the hearts of all those present with the true seasonal spirit of joy and happiness. The Club Quartet took the audience back through the ages into the little town of Bethlehem as they intoned the soft melody of "Silent Night! Holy Night!" After several of these Christmas carols had been rendered, Clarence Rable and Joseph Jacobs entertained with individual selections in a lighter vein. These two collegians should join forces for a good comedy team. With harmony so close

that the tones could hardly pass one another without a serious collision, Carl Vandagrift and Charles Scheidler rendered several vocal selections which immediately won the favor of the listeners. Imagine the smallest man in the Club handling the largest object in the Club room with ease and agility! (These are the words of the Master of Ceremonies.) Delbert Welch proved these almost unbelievable words to be true, as he gracefully seated himself at the piano in order to accompany William McKune, who played several violin numbers as only a real musician can play. Without doubt, a great share of the success of this second program is due to the efforts of John Lefko who gave to the audience a genuine demonstration of how the Master of Ceremonies should conduct himself a la New York.



For the second time during the first semester, the college orchestra seized the opportunity to make good when, on November 25, it appeared in the pit of the auditorium for the presentation of "In the Fool's Bauble," by the Columbian Literary Society. With its well selected and well prepared numbers, the orchestra doubly assured the success of the play. Indeed, without the music, many happy and delightful moments would have been missed.

Sketches from Verdi's "Il Trovatore" opened the evening's entertainment and, with their extraordinary energy and vivacity of expression, they proved as instantaneously successful as when first produced in

Venice in 1853. The appeal made to the audience by Tobani's "Hungarian Fantasia" was sufficient evidence that one need not be a Hungarian in order to be able to enjoy this production. "Black Eyes," a concert transcription by Horlick, suggests by its very name the lightning-like execution which it demands, while "Two Guitars" by the same composer, proved very entertaining because of the gradual change in movement from lento to presto. But most of all did the audience enjoy Hubay's "Hejre Kati," a violin solo rendered by William McKune with Professor Tonner accompanying on the piano. As its music glided on, gratifying the listeners with its suavity, it impressed the mind with a sense of pleasure and delight; and at the conclusion there followed three long rounds of applause.

This mark of appreciation was for the orchestra a new incentive to greater achievements. Since then this organization has been playing siege to "William Tell," realizing fully that only time and practice will conquer this piece.

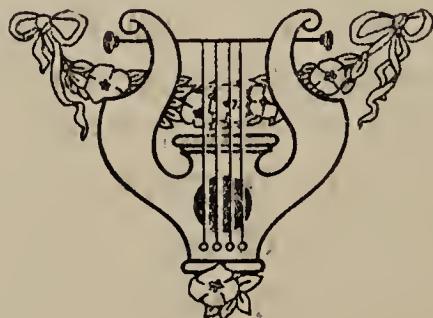
On December 22, the band for the first time since last commencement, made its appearance in the auditorium for "The Turn in the Road," a play presented by the Newman Club. But, sad to say, on this occasion, the student body as a whole showed little appreciation for the music from the start. Even before the opening number the conductor stood long with out-stretched arms, ready to start, only waiting for the audience to quit that execrable talking during the discourse of music.

Finally, thinking that any further delay might lead from bad to worse, the bandmaster gave the sign and the band played "The Sky Pilot," by A. M. Laurens. This overture quite surprised the audience and received encouraging applause. After the

first act of the play came Eilenberg's "First Heart Throbs," a salon piece which, though more inspiring than "Sky Pilot," made but few heart throbs as was evident from a continuous murmuring throughout the auditorium. The same holds good in regard to "Sabbath Chimes," a reverie by La Forest. It seems that the so-called "hot" music has taken such a hold on many of the students that they cannot help but show their aversion for the more solemn and inspiring music whenever and wherever they hear it. Let it be remembered that without an appreciative audience no band will ever be successful; and (what is worse) to talk when one should listen shows a lack of culture.

Among the musical activities here, the choir, too, sustains its part. Every Sunday it sings a different Mass as well as different Benediction Hymns. The favorite Masses are Immaculate Conception, Exultet, with Lucia towering above them all. At present the choir is putting forth its efforts in learning an entirely new Mass.

A. A. L.





HI-SCHOOL VICTORIOUS OVER COLLEGE 33-30

Among other things, if the College could have made more foul shots, Baker Hall might have won; but it did not, and as a result the Hi-School handed the College its fifth consecutive basketball defeat 33-30. The first half was a rather nip and tuck affair with the College coming out ahead 17-16. In the third quarter, however, the Hi-School launched an offensive which gave them a 28-23 lead. The College rallied in the last quarter, but the whistle found them still trailing 33-30.

Tom Danehy opened the fray with a free throw. Jerry Roth came right back with a long one from the side. Rusty Scheidler added another point with a foul shot. Danehy tied the score at 3 all with an under-basket flip. Stan Manoski put the College into the lead with two field goals in rapid succession. Roth, not to be outdone, scored from underneath the hoop. Shad Horrigan dropped in a foul shot. Scheidler slipped under the nets to put the Hi-School into the lead again 8-7. Manoski retaliated with a long one. Slo-foot Gollner and Bob Zahn added two more points on charity throws. Eddie Hession tossed in a short one as the first quarter ended. Score: College, 11; Hi-School 10.

The second quarter opened with Pete Koller driving under to lay one away. Scheidler dropped in a free throw. Horrigan swished the drapes with a long one. Al Mayer, replacing Zahn and Manoski,

sunk another long one. Red Lammers came in for Joe Fontana. Scheidler and Roth registered from the gift line. Manoski scored a free throw. Jim Conroy and Carmen Nardecchia substituted for Danehy and Manoski respectively. Lammers and Nardecchia each put in foul shots as the half ended. Score: College 17; Hi-School 16.

Paul Miller opened the second half with an over-head shot from the foul ring. Roth slipped one in from the side. Miller made a beauty from the corner. Mayer made a running shot from the side. Lammers dribbled in for a basket and was fouled. Scheidler, replacing Lammers, laid the foul away, but missed the technical on Nardecchia, who was talking out of his turn. Ralph Steinhauser put in a foul shot. Manoski replaced Nardecchia and Danehy substituted for Gollner, Conroy shifting to center. Manoski counted on a free throw. The cousins, Conroy and Danehy, worked a beautiful pivot play, Danehy scoring. Fontana substituted for Steinhauser. Scheidler dropped in a couple more foul shots. The quarter ended as Danehy registered a free throw, making the score, Hi-School 28; College, 23.

At the start of the last quarter, Manoski and Miller tangled in a double foul. Manoski made his foul and left the game, because of four personal fouls. Zahn then returned to the game. Hession slipped Roth one under the basket for a two pointer. Horrigan came in for Miller, after which the Hi-School took time out. As play was resumed the Hi-School attempted a mild stall, but Zahn broke it up by fouling Scheidler, who made good the toss. Mayer cut under for a basket and Danehy brought the count closer with a free throw. Zahn went under and hit the hoop for two points. Koller gar-

nered a free throw, making the score Hi-School, 31; College, 30. But here the College hopes were blasted when Scheidler cut the drapes from the foul ring. A few moments later pandemonium broke out on the north side of the gym, which was sufficient evidence that the game was over and that the Hi-School warriors had again rung up a victory over their larger foes. The line-up was as follows:

HI-SCHOOL (33)				COLLEGE (30)			
	FG	FT	PF		FG	FT	PF
Roth, f.	4	1	1	Manoski, f.	4	3	4
Hession, f.	1	0	1	N'dech'a, f.	0	1	1
Horrigan, c.	1	1	2	Danehy, f.	2	3	3
Miller, c.	2	0	3	Conroy, c.	0	0	1
Scheidler, g.	2	7	2	Gollner, c.	0	1	1
St'haus'r, g.	0	1	0	Koller, g.	1	1	3
Fontana, g.	0	0	3	Zahn, g.	1	1	1
Lammers, g.	1	1	3	Mayer, g.	2	0	1
<hr/>				<hr/>			
Totals	11	11	15	Totals	10	10	15

Officials—Rev. H. Lucks, Rev. B. Scharf.

FOURTHS PRY LID OFF 1931-32 BASKETBALL SEASON WITH 16-14 WIN OVER THIRDS

Coming from behind in the short second half, the Fourths, led by Shad Horrigan and Rusty Scheidler, scored ten points to win a close 16-14 decision from the Thirds. The Thirds led at the half 10-6. The game, though not devoid of excitement, was rather slow, both teams being unable to pass effectively and missing many easy shots.

SIXTHS DOWN FIFTHS 24-14

St. Joe's has not seen such football in many years as the Sixths and Fifths evinced in their first

basketball game. Only thirty-six fouls were committed, which, in the opinion of the writer, must set a new record in College circles. The game was, in truth, a "free for all" to the players, an enigma to the referees, and an amusement to the spectators. The Sixths, due to their superior ability in caging foul shots, had little trouble after the first half. Tom Danehy of the Fifths, though missing many easy shots, displayed a classy brand of passwork and speed in his first game at St. Joe's.

SIXTHS NIP FOURTHS 15-11

Keeping possession of the ball most of the last quarter, the Sixths defeated the Fourths 15-11. The Fourths were again erratic in their passing and were unable to locate the hoop. They started out good with a 5-0 lead but, after a time out, the Sixths came back and took the lead never to be headed. The score at the half stood 8-6 in favor of the Sixths.

THIRDS UPSET FIFTHS 24-21

With Lammers, Hession, and Steinhauser putting the ball in from all angles, the Thirds fought their way to a 24-21 victory over the Fifths. Stan Manoski was the mainstay of the tottering Fifths with ten points and kept them fighting till the final whistle. Tom Danehy left the game early in the first half. Gene Beeler showed up good on the defensive for the Thirds and Jerry Roth's passing was as baffling as ever.

MIDGET LEAGUE NOTES

A last quarter barrage of field goals by Petro, Zimmerman, and Granson spelt victory for the Hoosiers in the opening tilt of the Midget League. Gund-

Jach and Andres looked good for the Cagers until the last quarter snowed them under. In the other opening game Tinker's Sinkers sunk the Sharpshooters 20-12. Al Wight, with twelve points, did most of the sinking. Sparkling assistance by his mates, however, rendered his effectiveness easier. Scholl, Leitner, and Kreutzer were the main cogs in the Sharpshooter's offense; but their team was forced to bow before the onslaught of the Sinkers. In the only other game played, Coach Conroy's Sharpshooters came back in great style to wallop the Cagers 24-5. At the very outset of the game, the Sharpshooters jumped into a very impressive lead, maintaining a 20-1 lead at the half. Charlie Leitner and Torchy Otteweller led the scoring with eight points apiece. Scholl was close behind with six points. The other was made by Fred Ernst. In the second half, however, the Sharpshooters either slowed up or tired out. Coach Conroy claims that the former is true; most fans, the latter.





Foos—Man, what a funny looking vase?

Wight—Snap out of it, fellow, that's not a vase, that's one of Roth's socks.

A tourist was enjoying the wonders of California as pointed out by a native.

“What a beautiful grapefruit!” he said, as they passed through a grove of citrus trees.

“Oh, those lemons are a bit small, owing to a comparatively bad season,” explained the Californian.

“And what are those enormous blossoms?” asked the tourist.

“Just a patch of dandelions,” said the Californian.

Presently they reached the Sacramento river.

“Ah,” said the tourist, grasping the idea, “somebody's radiator is leaking!”

—Idaho Blue Bucket.

M. Vichuras—What ever became of Heilman? I heard he became a parachute jumper.

Missler—Oh! He settled down.

Fullenkamp—I can see good in anything.

J. Zink—Can you see good in a movie theater when you first go in?

Prof.—I'm letting you out ten minutes early today. Please go out quietly so as not to wake the other classes.

And there was the contortionist who dreamed he was eating dried peaches and chewed his ears off in his sleep.

Lauber—How come the classes in the afternoon don't start until two o'clock?

Hess—Oh, that's to give us a rest after dinner.
Lauber—They sure think a lot of the dinner.

Gollner—I wish some college clothes.

Store Keeper—Athletic, humorous, or studious?

Doc—Do you ever talk in your sleep?

He—No, but I often talk in other people's sleep.

Doc—But, how can that be?

He—I'm a college professor.

Maloney (who has travelled extensively)—I often wondered why the English are tea drinkers.

Bored—Yes?

Maloney—Yep, but I know now. I had some of their coffee.

Saleswoman—Don't you want a talking machine in your home?

Cardinali—Gosh, this must be leap year.

Otte—Yes, I'm a self-made man. I've been walking ever since I was eight months old.

Sheehan—Really? You must be awfully tired!

BELIEVE IT OR—WHAT?

(By Alodeza Soap).

Some fellows would even skip class from a correspondence school and send them an empty envelope.

A little boy was put in an upper berth of a Pullman sleeping car for the first time. He kept crying until his mother told him not to be afraid because God would watch over him.

"Mother, you there?" he cried.

"Yes."

"Father, you there?"

"Yes."

A fellow passenger lost all patience at this point and shouted: "We're all here, your father and mother and brothers and sisters and aunts and uncles and cousins. We're all here, now go to sleep."

There was a pause, then, very softly:

"Mamma."

"Yes."

"Was that God?"

Danehy—What struck you on your first visit to Chicago?

Wurm—A blackjack.

Pallone—What makes you order ice cream for the first course and soup for the last?

Nels—Well, my stomach is upset, so I eat my meals backwards.

Prof.—What was the greatest thing about George Washington?

Pike—His memory. They erected a monument to it.

Officer—What's your name?

He—Carl Smith.

Officer—What's your real name?

He—John Paul Jones.

Officer—That's better. Don't try to pull that Smith stuff on me.

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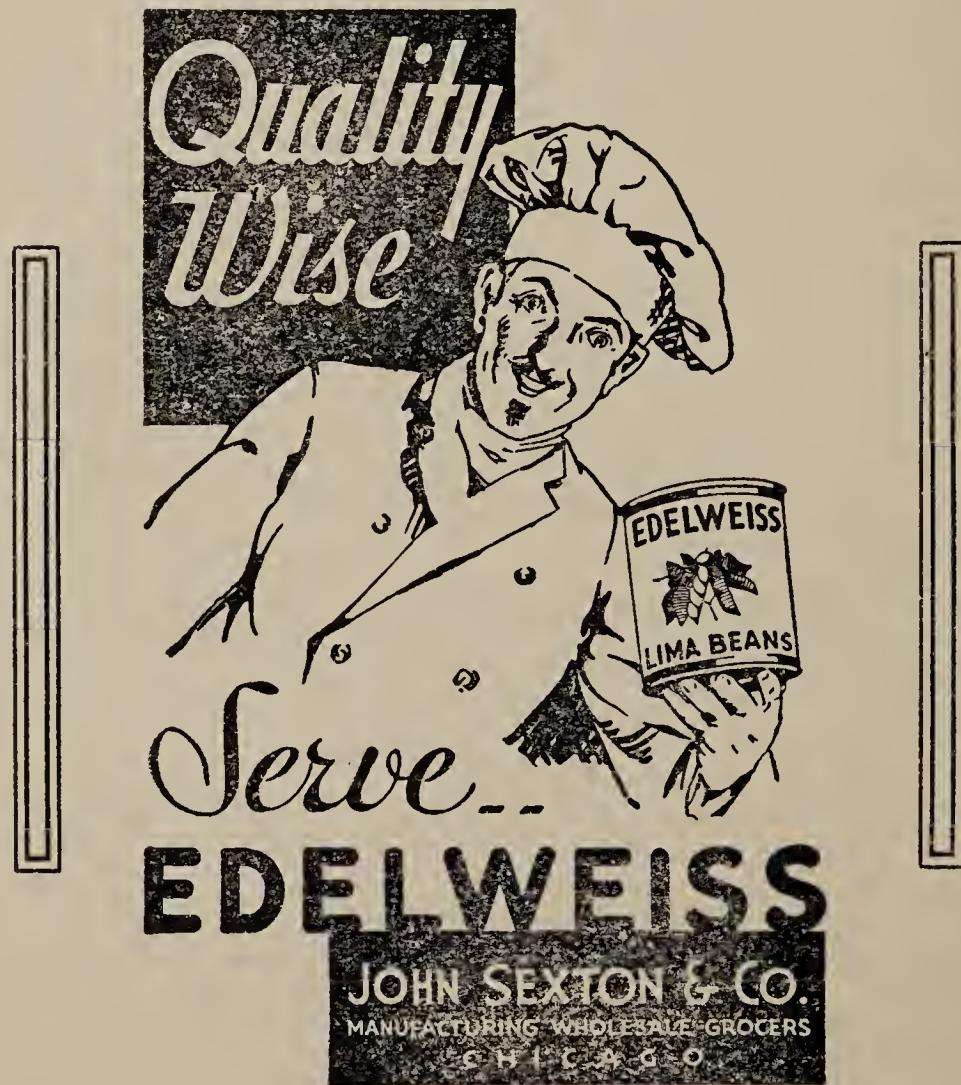
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